

HE glorious Fourth of July was close at hand, but this fact did not call forth any great amount of enthusiasm from the grown people of Springville. They eemed to think that they had done their whole duty when they invited an outof-town orator to read the Declaration of Independence and make a speech.

On some occasions-very rare ones, however-they satisfied their patriotic scruples by going to the expense of having a balloon ascension. But on the Fourth of which I write no such excitement as this was to be given us.

The great day that we boys looked forward to with so much pleasure was considered by our fathers and mothers as a day of noise and accidents, and they were glad when it was over.

But the younger portion of the population of Springville amply made up for the enthusiasm that was lacking in their sires. This was especially true of us four boys, Tom Parks, Joe Blake, Frank Brown, and myself.

On the 2d of July we met by appointment at the band-stand in the square. Of course the general topic of conversation was the approaching holiday and the part we were to take in its observance.

For several weeks previous, we, together with the other village boys, had spent all our spare moments in collecting barre's and other materials to be used in making a big bontire on the square on the night before the Fourth. Besides this general attempt at celebration, the boys individually had been saving up their spare pennies, all of which they felt in duty bound to spend on their nation's birthday.

This was the condition of affairs when we met at the band-stand for our last

"How much money have you saved up?" asked Tom Parks of Frank Brown. The question was repeated, and it was shown that Tom Parks had \$1.15, Joe Blake \$1.20, Frank Brown 98 cents, while I had been able to lay by just

"Four dollars and forty-one cents." said Joe after a few seconds work at mental arithmetic. "Quite a lot, ain't

Our combined savings did seem large. "Now," said Joe, "I've been thinking of a way to spend that money."

"Oh, that's easy enough!" grumbled Frank, to whom it was a task of selfabnegation to save money, even for a Fourth of July celebration.

Frank's observation was overlooked. and we asked doe what his proposition was

Joe was, by reason of his superiority in years and experience, our acknowledged leader, and whatever suggestion he made was generally received by us with favor.

"I suggest," said Captain Joe, "that we club together and buy a lot of powder, fireworks and other nec-saries, and have a little celebration of our own to finish up the Fourth. You know the town's celebration this year is to be rather a slim affair, and I think with what money we have we can get up quite a little surprise for the people old and young."

"That's so! Wonder we haven't sthought of it before," cried we in chorus.

"Our celebration must be a surprise," continued Joe. "I'll borrow father's wheelbarrow to-night, and Tom and I will go to Pottsfield (things are cheaper there than they are here) and buy all the fireworks we can for the money."

Frank, who had determined to include randles and cakes among his items of expense on the Fourth, suggested as an amendment that we each reserve a small part of our savings for contingensies, and this, by general consent, was agreed upon.

Frank was not the only one of us who had a sweet tooth.

"We must get some powder for the cannon," said Joe. "And for my old musket," put in Frank.

"Is that old relic in existence yet?" out in Tom! "Yes; it's alive and kicking," replied Frank.

Of the latter part of Frank's statement we have no doubt, for it was a fact well known to us all that the old weapon was possessed of the habits of an ill-

natured mule. Each of us had some advice to offer in regard to what should be purchased for pur celebration, and before we parted that day Joe and Tom had a full list of

what they were to buy. Early that evening they started on

awaited their return.
Pottsfield was only two miles away, and the boys ought to have been back at we heard the creaking of the wheelbarrow announcing their return. Frank and I hastened to examine the purchases, and it was evident that the boys had shosen the articles with an eye to quantity rather than quality.

There were two pounds of powder in an old iron kettle, fire-crackers in all shapes and sizes, and other parcels of pyrotechnics too numerous to mention. After we had suffic ently examined the contents of the wheelbarrow, the ques-

stion was asked: "Where shall we put all this stuff?" By th's time our folks were doubtless In bed, where we ought to have been also, and the barns and sheds locked, so that there seemed to be no opportunity of secreting the goods at our homes. We planning.

denly, "why can't we hide it under the

The place referred to was a hexagonal, box-like effair that stood in the public square at the base of the flagstaff. It was three or four feet high, and this elevated platform was occupied by the local band on occasions like the one now approaching. The sides were composed of lattice-work, painted green, and the space under the floor was used by the authorities to stow away various articles belonging to the town for which no immediate use could be found

It was close to the spot where we had halted for consultation, and leaving the barrow in the shadow of a fence, we hastened to examine it as a possible receptable for our goods.

"Just the thing," said Tom, peering through the lattice-work. "But how can we get in? The door is locked."

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Joe; "there's a loose board in the floor that who could have thrown light on the father intended to nail down some time ago" (Joe's father was janitor of the Town Hall.), "but luckily for us he forgot to do so. We can pry up the board and drop our fireworks into the space becan borrow the key, without father's day, who was a politician, and conseknowing it, to-morrow or next day." knowing it, to-morrow or next day." "But if it rains," objected Tom, "ev-

erything will be spoiled." Oh, I guess it won't rain," said Frank. "We've had so much rain lately, it seems as though we ought to have fine weather for the rest of the week. Besides, the

almanac predicts fair weather." All fears in this direction being dispelled, we hastily and noiselessly removed the defective board, and transferred the contents of the wheelbarrow to the mysterious regions under the band-stand.

There was little fear of being seen at that late hour by any one who would be likely to make an investigation of our nocturnal operations, and, with light hearts, we separated for our respective homes, feeling sure that the Fourth of

"Say, fellows." whispered Joe, sud- scarce a dozen words were said when, before the eyes of the astonished audience, the platform, with all its occu-

pants, rose in the air in a confused mass, like a steamboat whose boiler had burst. The truth instantly flashed upon me, and upon the other three boys, as I could see by their white, terrified faces, that the kettle of powder and other ex-plosives had in some manner become

ignited, with the result above stated. The people crowded around the rulned band-stand, and lent their aid in extrieating the entangled members of the band and the orator of the unfinished speech.

Fortunately, they were not injured beyond a few scratches; but, as many observed, it was a narrow escape for them. This put an end to the official celebra-

ion of the day. And what an unexpected conclusion it was! Various theories were advanced as to the cause of the catastrophe, but we mystery thought it best to remain silent

and wonder with the rest. When the remains of the kettle and portions of the fireworks were unearthed, many people were of the opinion that neath, where they'll be safe enough till it was an attempt on the part of the we can get them out. I'm pretty sure I enemy to get rid of the orator of the

> But the people of Springvitle never earned to whom they were indebted for the subject of a more than nine days' wonder; and we, the progenitors of it, had the doubtful pleasure of seeing the results of our hard-earned savings go off at one burst. But we also had the consolation of knowing that no event of that memorable Fourth of July was longer remembered than "Our Celebration."-Golden Days.

A Fourth of July Idyl. Jimmy hold the rocket tight, Hold her tight, Hold her tight, Till I try to strike a light, Strike a light, Strike a light. Oh, won't she make a fly



July that year would end with a surprise that would cause us, the authors of it, to be envied for a long time afterward among the other boys. Alas! there is many a slip- But I will not anticipate.

The next day we spent in collecting and placing in position the barrels and bexes for the bonnre that was to usher in the glorious Fourth

To our disappointment Joe was unable to obtain the key by which we were to gain access to the hiding-place of our pyrotechnics, and we were forced to leave them in their concealment another night. Joe was sure he could get the key early on the following morning, when we would have plenty of time to accomplish our purpose before the people were out of bed.

But, wearied with our exertions on the night of the 3d, we overslept ourselves on the Fourth, and thus again our treasure was forced to run the gantlet of another day. The shades of evening would surely afford us the opportunity

that failed to come to us before. The boys were unanimous in their opinion that it was an unusually quiet Fourth of July. But what with the snapping of fire-crackers and the pop-



ping of pistois, from sunrise to sunset. the old folks no doubt considered it noisy enough.

The real celebration was begun after their mission, while Frank and I eagerly dinner. The brass band took its position on the band-stand wholly unaware that they were sitting, so to speak, on the verge of a volcano, and played sevnine o'clock, but it was fully ten before | eral patriotic airs. Then the Chairman of the celebration committee introduced the orator of the day, who, following a never can." time honored custom, read the Declaration of Independence, after which, taking a drink of water and clearing his throat a number of times, he began a speech that was full of patriotism and politics. In the midst of a period of surpassing eloquence, he was interrupted by the loud cheers of his hearers. men cheered and clapped, and the, boys, always ready to aid in making noise, seized the opportunity to set off some

fire crackers. The cause of al this turmoff seemed pleased, and bowed repeatedly. The oc-great-grandfather. casion was worth at least a dozen votes

to him. When the noise had somewhat abated, form to continue his harangue; but people's.

When I touch her off-my eye! Shooting right up to the sky. And so bright. And so bright!

Now I'm lighting the fusee. The fusee. And you keep your eye on me. Eye on me.

Eye on me. There she goes! ha!

P. S .- The reader can fill the space occupied by the asterisks according to his own ideas. We have nothing further to say about the matter, excepting that physicians give it as their opinion that the boy will pull through, but it was a narrow escape. - Boston Courier.

A Fourth of July Record. 1 was a wide-awake little boy Who rose at the break of day;

2 were the minutes he took to dress, Then he was off and away.

3 were his leaps when he cleared the s Although they were steep and high; were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,

4 was the number which caused his haste, Because it was the Fourth of July!

5 were his pennies which went to buy A package of crackers red;

6 were the matches which touched them off, And then—he was back in bed.

7 big plasters he had to wear To cure his fractures sore;

8 were the visits the doctor made Before he was whole once more.

were the dolorous days he spent 9 were the dolorous days in In sorrow and pain! but th

are the seconds he'll stop to think Before he does it again. St. Nicholas.

The Spirit of Patriotism. Robinson - Going to celebrate the

Fourth? Brown-Celebrate! No name for it. I'm going to buy 100 of those crackers that sound like a cannon, and light 'em all at once.

Robinson-You are patriotic. Brown-Well, it's not so much that, but my neighbor on the left has a piano and an old-maid daughter, the one on the right has a fiendish cornet. In the rear there is an accordion.

Robinson-Oh, I see. You will play to get even, Brown-Exactly.

A Strong Reason. She was having a confidential talk

with her aunt. "I can never marry Harry Westlock," she said, in a tone which implied that it was useless to talk about it. "I

"And why can't you?" asked her aunt. "I'm sure I should think any girl would esteem it an honor to be Harry Westlock's wife. He is wealthy, too. Why can't you marry him?" "Because he hasn't asked me to, and

I know he never will." "THE old gentleman was a distant relative of yours, was he not?" "Distant? Yes, I suppose that is what you might call him. He was my great-

THE man who attends strictly to his tained by men engaged in the mining own business generally has his hands of anthracite coal that the supply gad not thought of this in our previous he advanced to the railing of the plat- full, and no time to look after other

STOICAL AND RETICENT.

Plenty Horses, the Sloux Warrior Wh Slew Lieut. Casey.

of Plenty Horses, the young Sioux who killed Lieut. Casey of the regular army, while the latter was on a spying expedition during the recent Indian

Plenty Horses is the son of Living



Strikes, one of the warlike Brules, who led a band of the hostiles. It is needless to repeat the story how Lieut. Casey left Gen. Brooke's camp with the two Cheyennes, White Moon and Rock Road, to take a look at the hostile Indians, who were encamped some miles to the east, and then of the warning sent by Red Cloud for him to turn back; how he persisted in his determination to see the hostile tepees, but was finally persuaded to desist, and then how he was shot in the back of the head by Plenty Horses just as Casey turned h's horse to go back. Soon after peace was declared Plenty Horses was arrested and confined in Fort Meade, near Deadwood, and from there taken to Sioux Falls, S. D., where he was tried on the charge of murder. Plenty Horses' lawyers asserted that the treaties with the Sioux do not take away their right to declare war, which the United States recognized by sending a large force of men into their reservation.

At the trial, when attorneys were preparing to commence their arguments, Judge Shiras said: "There is no need of going further with this case. What I shall say is the opinion of this court, but not of my colleague. It is said on my own responsibility.' The Judge then said in substance that the guilt or innocence of the accused turned upon the question as to whether or not a state of actual war existed at the time of Casey's death. In the opinion of the Court it had been shown beyond a doubt that such a state of war did exist. Immediately upon adjournment Plenty Horses was surrounded by ladies and other spectators, who shook hands with him for some time, after which Attorney Powers, with beaming face, led his still silent and undemonstrative client to his hotel, where Plenty Horses spent some time writing autographs for by-

standers. Plenry Horses was educated at the Carlisle (Pa.) school for five years. When he returned to his tribe, not having any opportunity to apply what he had learned, he soon slipped back into savage ways, and was one of the most redoubtable warriors of the Sioux tribe.

A BRITISH VIEW OF IT.

Why We Do Not Cel-brate the Glorious Fourth as of Yore.

Thirty or forty years ago the Fourth f July could scarcely be called a happy day for any patriotic Britisher who chanced to be temporarily located under the shadow of the stars and stripes. There were still a few aged men alive who could dimly recall the war of independence, while there were numerous survivors of the struggle of 1812. The consequence was that at the multitudinous celebrations which were held all over the country the British lion formed the piece de resistance of the oratorical feasts, and he was hacked and hewed in the most merciless fashion by speakers of the Jefferson Brick type.

Turning to present day celebrations, a wonderful and, it may be added, a welcome change is noticeable. The American boy, no doubt, still honors the glorious day with a profuse expenditure of gunpowder, but he is as much an object ' of terror to his own countrymen as to the foreign sojourner. The old spreadeagle school of rhetoricians, however, | bia." has become well-nigh extinct. This is partly due to lapse of time. Both 1775 and 1812 have now become ancient history. The States, too, have become so populous and powe; ful that they can get on without "blowing," as the Austra ian phrase has it. Besides, the Americans bave gradually discovered that the mother country is not a bad sort of old girl after all when you get to know her.

The most potent of all the instruments which have changed the sentiments prevailing on Independence Day is the great civil war. The memories of that tremendous convulsion has almost hidden the revolution from view. The Northern Americans then learned that rebellion is a painful shock to those against whom the revolt is made, and they could even feel some sympathy for poor pig-headed George the Third in a similar predicament. The most pleasing feature, however, of recent celebrations is that the animosities which raged between 1861 and 1865 have now sunk into oblivion. Thousands of men who five-and-twenty years ago fought against each other in Federal blue or Confederate gray met the other day on the field of Gettysburg to fraternize and erect monuments to their honored dead. Why should not Frenchmen and Germans be equally sensible and hold a similar friendly greeting at Gravelotte?-London Graphic.

The Supply of Anthracite.

There appears to be no need of fear that the supply of anthracite coal, so extensively used in the generation of heat in the industrial pursuits, will become exhausted for a few hundred years at least. A recent dispatch to the Philadelphia Ledger says:

Thirty years ago fears were enterwould be exhausted in this region before the close of the present century.

field was fixed a short distance above Carbondale, and the so-called experts were confident that coal would not be Great interest was taken in the trial found in paying quantities outside of

this line. Valley made great errors in calculating courses and distances. Instead of The child said nothing exhausting the supply in thirty years, the men now in the field have brought to sight, in the upper end of the valley, more anthracite coal than has been mined since the first opening was

made. Recent developments at Forest City have surprised the ceal men of the region, and now it is known that the work of mining has only begun in that region. The immense tracts that the Elk Hill Coal Company is now making preparations to develop were passed by for years as worthless. Close upon the news that operations were to be commenced by the Elk Hill Company here, and the mortality lists show its shocking comes the announcement that the Northwest Coal Company, which owns large tracts in Upper Lackawanna, in the form of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has has met with unexpected good fortune in prospecting. Underlying the veins which the company is now working, a new vein has been discovered which is authentically reported as being fourteen feet in thickness.

Atchison Globules. How innocent a guilty man may

Gentleness carries with it great au thority.

We believe a woman likes to look tough when she is cleaning house. A man who has associated with thieves cannot appreciate honest men. There is nothing a man will not

narried to. People in love can always find something to be wretched about.

A man's idea of heaven is a place where every one is as good as he is. A man can get out of everything else easier than a compact made with the

There is no temptation greater than the one which leads us to excuse our

A man may not realize it when he is going to the devil, but he will realize it when he gets there. Resignation is finding out that the

rock you are bumping your head against is a great deal harder than your head. Loafers are as a rule so good-natured, and busy people so cross, it

tended people to work so hard. It makes no difference how great a fool you know a man is; you will always have a high opinion of his intelligence after you learn that he admires

Happy is the man who, when he does If a woman can so live that she is things. without fault in the eves of other women, she is too good for this world. and is even better than any of those

Our National Birthday.

who have gone to heaven.

There is no country except the United States, we believe, that celebrates its national birthday. There are certain epochs in the life of European nations that are honored with a gelebration, as the 14th of July in France, which commemorates the destruction of the Bastile and is generally accepted as the birth of the Fren h Republic. But the states of Europe have no national birthdays. They are the result of a long series of developments, and it would be difficult to fix any particular natal day. Not se in this country. The Fourth of July, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia, marked the birth of a nation so unerringly that it was honered as such immediately, and will be as long as the spirit of American Independence survives. Civil war interrupted its general observance for some years, but it was resumed when peace was restored, and now, with ever brightening hopes of a more perfect Union than we have yet known, Independence Day will be greeted with salvos of remembrance and joy from one end of the country to the other. Let the band play "Hail Colum-



How a man would look if he really took the train for home.



Making a pieasure of duty.-Puck

The northern boundary of the coal One Quarter the Little Heathen Die Not

A few days ago a little girl-a tiny thing only four years old-went with her mamma to pay a visit up town. When she came out she had a 25-cent piece clasped fast in her fat hand. As When it was rumored that coal had they walked up the street, suddenly the been found in Susquehanna County, little one espied a most disreputable these old-timers laughed at the re- looking cat lying on the lower step of a ports, and the men who bought up and stoop. It looked sick and forlorn and held for years land now considered lay as if dead. The child rushed up to most valuable were classed among the the creature and stroked its back with visionary speculatrs of the age. Time soft little touches until the poor thing has proven that the men who outlined opened its eyes slowly in recognition. the coal measures in the Lackawanna Then the mother called the child away The child said nothing.

When they got home, the mother said: "Gracie, where is the quarter Uncle John gave you?'

"I spent it, mamma." "You spent it! Why, how in the world could you spend it without my seeing

"I spent it to the cat, mamma, the poor cat. I put it down on the stoop by the kittle I thought she needed it worse than I did."-New York Evening Sun.

A Foreign Invasion. Terrible winters throughout Europe brought forth bitter fruits that ripened in America. "La Grippe" with varying violence broke forth ravages in aggravated cases. An alcoholic in the form of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has and will ever prove the best specific. Leading continental and American physicians declars that a medicine with a spirituous basis, such that a medicine with a spirituous basis, such as this, affords the surest guaranty against the tremendous inroads of this shocking malady. When we consider that a slight change of weather is apt to renew it; that it attacks those easily vulnerable organs, the lungs; that its progress is tremendously swift and destructive, we must admit the necessity of repelling it at the outset with a sure preventive. Hostetter's Stomach Sitters is also a safeguard against malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints.

Paron Hirsch's Immense Fortune.

Baron Hirsch's fortune is variously estimated from £20,000,000 to £30,000,-000. His father was a Bavarian banker. The foundation of his fortune was a railroad contract with the Turkish Government. It has since been enlarged by promise to the woman he is not yet other railroad maneuvers in Eastern Europe and by speculations on the Paris bourse. His son used to be a well-known figure at Newmarket, and the Baron himself has of late years gone on the

How a Tourist Makes Money.

DEAR READERS-While visiting places of interest. I spend my leisure time plating tableware and jewelry and selling platers. I make from \$5 to \$15 per day. The work is done so nicely that every person wants it. I paid \$5 for my plater to H. K. Deino & Co., Columbus, Ohio. Why not have a good time and money in your pocket, when for \$5 you can start a business of you own? Write above firm for circulars.

A TOURIST.

The ? mailest Republic. The smallest republic in the world is said to be Francoville, one of the islands of the New Hebrides. The inhabitants seems to prove that the Lord never in- consist of forty Europeans and 500 black workmen, employed by a French com-

> "GUIDE TO HEALTH AND ETIQUETTE" IS & beautiful illustrated book. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., send It free for 2c stamp. The ladies appreciate it.

A MAN is at his most trying period his worst, has some one in the world when he has succeeded a little, and peowho will say of him that he did the pie are beginning to notice him. He is be the could under the circumstances. so apt to lose his head and do foolish

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c. THE old-timers were telling what good times they used to have "They are here yet," a young fellow said, "if

you go out to look for them." THERE are allments that rob young women of both health and beauty and make them prematurely old. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore both if

taken in time. WHAT has become of the old-fashioned man who gave his age as "sixty, last

BRONCHITIS is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

grass?"

What has become of the old-fashioned man who referred to his wife as "his

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Mar-vellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 80 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

No coward can get to heaven. The tree of life is for "him that overcometh."

## Played Out

How often this and similar expressions are heard from tired, overworked women, and weary, anxious men, who do not know where to find relief. For that intense weariness so common and so discouraging we earnessly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is not a stimulant, but a true tonic, gradually building up all the weak organs in such a way as to be of lasting benefit. A fair trial will convince you of its merits. N. B. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar Tutt's Hair Dye Gray bair or whiskers changed to a glossy black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously and contains nothing injurious to the hair. Sold by all druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.00. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, New York.

The Soap Cleans Most is Lenox.